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ON THE RACKS

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THE RAIN: When the rain comes to coastal northern California, it settles in to stay. A low-flying doud three hundred miles long lays atop us and from it water is distilled, falling so softly we almost forget it's falling. Everything is wet. On the old apple trees the grey lichens swell, and on the old oaks and maples the mosses glow incandescently. The crisp fallen leaves that have briefly reminded Easterners of their faraway homes collapse upon themselves in soggy flattening drifts. But no clean snow follows, and the Easterners feel homesick for a land they say has four seasons.

Here in the West, it starts to rain in November and once it settles in it doesn't stop 'til May. The Easterners among us wonder if it will ever rain hard enough for them to use their umbrellas or turn cold enough for them to wear their full-length Winter coats. Lacking heavy sweaters and rubberized ponchos, they stand at the windows and look out doors. They say "the weather's bad today" and "it's funny how there is no Winter here," not knowing this is it.

Like Easterners, imported trees and shrubs learn to make do with the climate in these parts. They drop their leaves in Fall as they were taught to do back home, but we wonder if they take it seriously or play at dormancy from force of habit. They seem to think we have "mild Winters" and, like the Easterners they really are, they'll demand we water them in summer when it's dry.

The native plants know better. This is the time of water, this is the time to grow, and they must flower and fruit before the deadly dry of summer sends them into dormancy.

The mushrooms are the first to bloom, some under dead leaves and pine needles, some in clumps among the pastures where transient sheep have grazed. After a week or two of steady rain, strange mildews and fungi break forth, covering city shower curtains in smutty grey and running yellow streaks down the

walls of red country barns.

Beneath the cloud, the grasses turn from Summer's brown to Winter's green green green. The Easterners begin to joke that "sunny California is just a myth" and speak nostalgically of sledding. We visit them as one visits the sick and show them how to kill the creeping mildew with vinegar and bleach. We buy them sweaters for the solstitial holidays and invite them to go walking in the rain.

But even after they become acclimatized, most Easterners don't realize how catastrophic it would be if the Winter rains failed us. This year we have had a broken rain pattern, and after a promising start the skies cleared up for almost a month. A month of sun in Winter! A tragedy in the making!

As the days of clear skies piled up upon each other, as the semipermanent Pacific high pressure ridge kept all our storms at sea, we took to worrying, The new green grass was turning brown at the tips,

the soil was drying out.

Only Westerners know that worry. The Easterners among us love it when we have a drought. They say "it's a beautiful day" and gloat over the temperature difference between here and where they came from. They don't understand it's not the thermometer we should watch, but the rain gauge. It can be 60 degrees here every day, and it probably will be, but still it has to rain!

Today is comforting and grey. The big cloud has come down again to lay atop us, blown by no wind, distilling chilly drops and drizzles that fall everywhere eventually. Tomorrow there'll be mushrooms. Slow rain, edible mushrooms, and heavy sweaters: that's all we ask for in the Winter on the land along the coast. That's all we really need.

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CONCEPTUAL EDITOR: LEX NAKASHIMA

























FIRELORPS PRESERVE US...

WHAT D'YOU THINK HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW.
I DON'T THINK I
WANT TO KNOW.









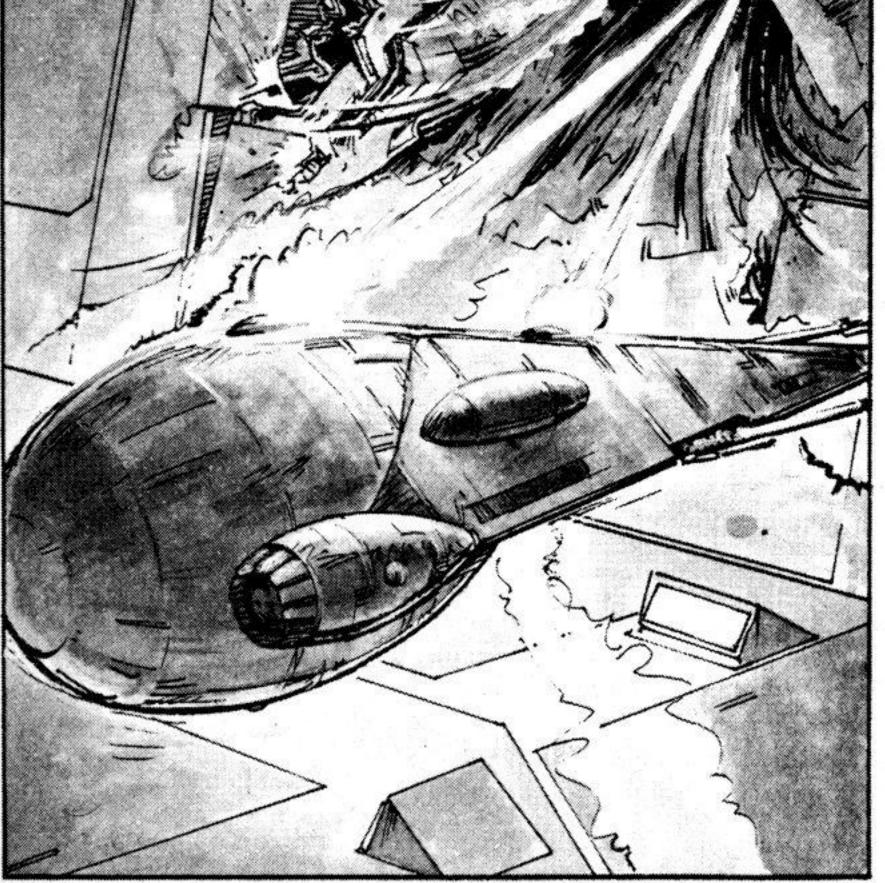












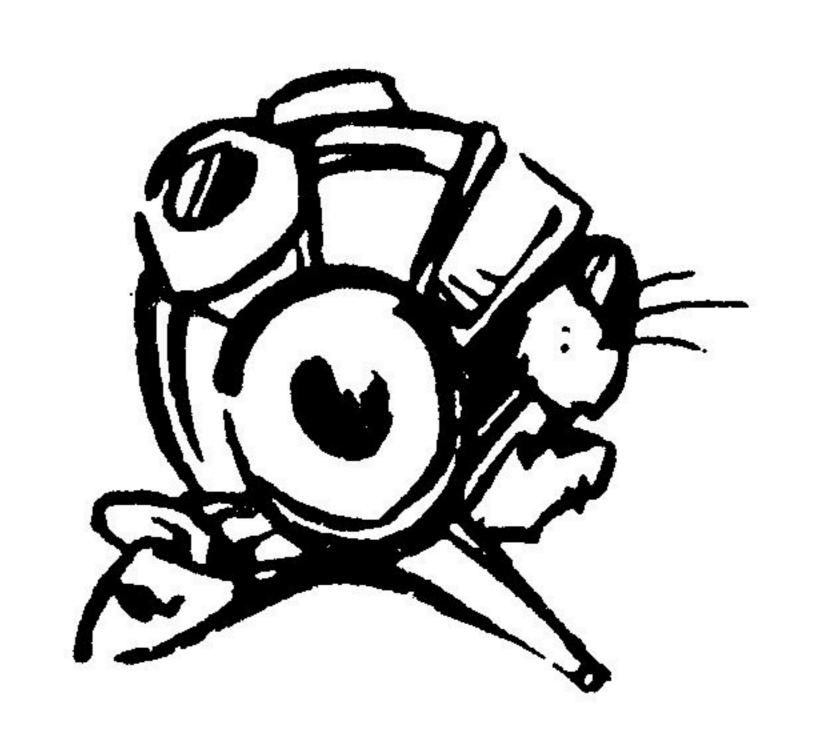












Welcome Back to the Future...

...of FUSION! In the last issue, the crew of the Tsunami, on a salvage mission, had noticed some odd sensor readings, so they sent a party to check out the huge hulk from which the strange signals originated. As the crew was trying to figure out what type of ship the wreck was, it suddenly came to life, powering up its engines and trapping the landing party inside. It also captured the Tsunami with a powerful tractor beam, and then started heading toward a very dangerous part of space. Meanwhile, a suspicious-looking probe of unknown origin had latched onto the Tsunami. To make matters worse, Beo passed out from low blood-sugar due to a lack of food, and Haven, onboard the Tsunami, was feeling and acting strangely.

The cover for this issue is painted by the one-and-only Rick Sternbach. Rick is well-known to science fiction fans for his terrifically detailed cover paintings; for his work in the SF field Rick has won two Hugo awards. Rick worked on the "Cosmo" television series, for which he won an Emmy award. He also put in some time at Digital Productions, working on many projects, including "The Last Starfighter." Rick is currently working on "Star Trek: The Next Generation" (although he did sneak away for a while to work on "Star Trek V"). In his spare time, Rick is an avid collector of Japanese animation. We here at FUSION are pleased and proud to be able to wrap our comic with the artwork of Rick Sternbach!

Contest Results:

In issue #11 I asked what the crew of the Tsunami do for exercise, as an outlet for physical tension and as a way to build teamwork while encouraging competition. I wanted to know what they do in zero-g, and what they do when they hit gravity. As always, you readers didn't let me down! Thanks to Noel Tominack, Malcolm Bourne, Bill Kieffer, David Gibbons, Jeff Kallman, Jed Martinez, Sharni Cannon, Philip Smith, B.J. Johnson, and Sara K. Gray for their terrific entries. I've summarized the entries below:

"I think the crew would enjoy a good game of racquetball in zero-g; not only does it keep the muscles in shape from rebounding off the walls, but it sharpens the reflexes. Another good zero-g sport is playing Frisbee, except the Frisbee must be made of a material that will let it bounce. In gravity, I'd imagine they like swimming, Frisbee, Tennis, and maybe some weightlifting. Note that all of these sports are non-contact."

—Noel Tominack

"When in space, the crew of the Tsunami are actually intergalactic champions at zero-gravity rollerball. Sadly, the mechanics of the game mean that the championship is only held every 10 years, so they're safe for a while. On the ground, they enjoy speedbike racing through Muir Woods, as well as underwater hockey (or 'Octopush,' as it's known)."

-Malcolm Bourne

In Space:

Most of the Crew: Zero-G Tag, Fencing

Beo: Competitive Cat's Cradle Tan: Quantum Tinker Toys,

Creative Bheer Brewing, and Cheating Dow: Varied Gravity Cross-Country Skiing

Planetfall:

Most of the Crew: Skiing, Hang-Gliding Beo: People Watching, Wild Game Hunting Tan: Bar Fights of the Rich and Famous

Dow: Cross-Country Skiing

-Bill Kieffer

"One zero-grav game the crew enjoys is Vee-Ball. Originated by the Whammo Corporation of Earth, Vee-Ball is really just a set of rules, a 'smart,' very bouncy quarter-kilo ball, and a couple of goals. The goals are variable diameter hoops which sense the passage of a ball, player, or appendage. They also have low-energy drive systems which allow them to maintain preset positions in the play sphere. The ball is the game scorer, timer and controller, and it also indicates when someone or something has hung onto the ball for too long, or touched it illegally. Vee-Ball is a passing game, so the ball can't be touched twice in a row by the same player."

-- David Gibbons

"Zero-Gee (Single Player): Juggling Charged Objects in a Magnetic Field

"Zero-G (One-On-One): Handball in a Uniform Magnetic and Electric Field:

"This game is played in an inflated plastic cylinder. The ball is charged, so that its path inside the cylinder is a spiral. Each player guards an endcap using charging gloves, which can reverse the charge on the ball. Just to make things interesting, there is a low level of ultraviolet light in the cylinder to knock charges off the ball and thus cause the ball's spiral path to widen and eventually hit the cylinder wall if the ball was

initially moving down the cylinder too slowly.
"Zero-G (Team-On-Team): Spherical Volleyball: similar

to Handball."

-Jeff Kallman

"Zee-Gee: Ten-Ball is a 3-D billiards game performed in a specially assembled room, rectangular in shape, with pockets in each corner.

"Zee-Gee: Dodg is a variation of the old Earth game 'dodgeball,' in a 3-D space. Uses a six-pointed 3-D projectile with soft tips that looks a lot like an old Earth jack.

"In Gravity: Keep-Away. My inspiration for coming up with this game was the illustration Lela drew for Amazing Heroes #138, with the crew of the Tsunami at the beach. When I saw Tan attempting to catch the Frisbee, I thought, That's the one piece of equipment that anyone can play with."

-Jed Martinez

"I think track-and-field sports are the forté of the Tsunami crew. Eddy is a natural at gymnastics, especially the parallel bars and the rings; Carz is big on the hammer throw; Beo excels in both the long jump and the hop, step and jump. Tan flies high in the pole-vault while Haven flies away with the high-jump! Alshain looks good for hurdling, Dow is a dark-horse for the pentathlon, and Indio is a natural gymnast.

"As a group, they play Frisbee—Aussie rules! There are two teams, and the object is to get the Frisbee into the opponents' goal. You can't take more than two steps to throw the Frisbee once you've 'marked' or caught it, and if you've taken a mark, then the opposition has to let you make your throw without hassling you."

-Sharni Cannon

—Philip Smith

"Here is an activity which can be used to relieve 'physical tension and irritated emotions.' Basically, it is a zee-gee version of 'spin-the-bottle.' The difference is in the bottle, which is a metal cylinder with tapered ends, several small reaction jets, and a small computer. The game goes as follows: the players form a sphere around the bottle, which is then set in motion by its reaction jets. As it spins, the computer randomly fires the jets, changing the spin axis. The bottle spins for 10 to 25 seconds. When it stops, the two players at whom the bottle is pointing must kiss, or hug if kissing would be inconvenient or embarrassing. When played properly, it can relieve tension and mend strained relations. It would be wonderful to see Indio kiss Beo, or Eddy hug Tan."

"Zero-G: Vectorball is played in a chamber with two hemispherical nets as goals. The ball is a hollow rubber affair rather like a giant racquetball. Scoring is like soccer with the walls being out-of-bounds. To move and maneuver the players use a special object called a vectorweight. This is a padded sandbag attached with a cord or chain to the player's belt. To move, the player spins it and then releases it in the direction he or she wants to go, letting the weight pull them.

"Velcro Baseball: just like terrestrial baseball except the players run around the side walls on magnetic slippers to vertically-mounted bases, and the hemispheres above and below the basepath are the outfield. There are no foul hits.

"In Gravity: Havocball! This game, which they made up themselves, resembles rugby without rules, but it's different. The ball, a soccer ball, can be moved by kicking, dribbling, carrying and passing. The goal is the net from Vectorball left hanging on its chain and a goal is scored when the ball passes the rim. At present the only place this game is played is on the Tsunami and near the spaceport on Sutter's Eyeball in the Crab Nebula."

—B.J. Johnson

"They play 'Over-the-Line' in gravity, and 3-D H₂O Billiards in Zero-G. Little force-fields hold a small amount of water in spherical form, each with a target on one side. When the cue ball strikes it on the target, the field blips away and the water evaporates. In a really good game, the inside of the play cube mists up. In advanced games, the players wear jet-boots or blindfolds."

-Sara K. Gray

So, who are the winners? This was a tough contest to judge. Several of the entries were very similar, and it was hard to choose between them. After a long and involved series of deliberations, including some test time in a zero-gravity simulator, the following three winners have been chosen to win FUSION cloisonné pins: Jeff Kallman, with the juggling, handball and volleyball in charged fields; Sharni Cannon, for Frisbee-Aussie Rules, and B.J. Johnson, for Velcro Baseball and Havocball. I'd like to commend everyone who entered for their terrific and very creative entries! Who says that you can't enjoy both reading comics and participating in sports?! Not our readers, that's for sure! (B.J., I need your address to send you your prize!)

New Contest:

This month's contest is again going to involve leaping ahead to the future of FUSION, and then looking back to the "present" of our century. If you read the papers or watch the news on television, you know that there is no clear consensus about who did what when and with whose permission in the Iran/Contra Scandal. And the issue of who killed President Kennedy is more confused and muddled now than it was twenty-five years ago. What I want to know is, considering the rate at which "facts" are muddled, distorted and confused, what will the folks from the time after Gene/Tech "know" about the period in which we have all lived? Who will be remembered hundreds of years from now? For what? (Remember, it won't necessarily have anything to do with what they really did!)

As an example, I speculate that Tan knows of Elvis Presley as a famous mythical specter. If someone tells Tan that they've just "seen Elvis Presley," it means that that someone is pulling Tan's leg. If someone says they're going to go "talk to Elvis" it means they just want to be alone. I call this contest "Future Misinformation," or "Future Folklore."

As always, this contest is open to anyone who can clearly type or print their name and address on a piece of paper. Add to this paper your contest entry and mail it to: FUSION Contest, Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 1099, Forestville, CA 95346. All entries become the property of LX, Ltd. All entries should be received by February 28, 1989, but late entries are accepted.

Two winners will receive copies of the book "More of the Straight Dope," by Cecil Adams. It doesn't have anything to do with FUSION, but it is a great book that answers a lot of very strange and important questions about modern misinformation.

Thanks for Writing:

Once again I'm out of room, but there are still plenty of great letters I want to share with you! Thanks to David Hoffman, David Logan, Noel Tominack, Malcolm Bourne, Bill Kieffer, David Gibbons, Madec Pope, Rob Caswell, Michael Higgs, Jeff Kallman, Julie Brodeur, Jed Martinez, Sharni Cannon, Philip Smith, B.J. Johnson and Sara K. Gray for writing to us!

Some quick notes: Malcolm Bourne wants to know what happened to "Doctor Watchstop." Ken Macklin is too busy right now to create any more adventures of the good Doctor. Eclipse will be publishing a collection of the good Doctor's exploits this April! Bill Kieffer wants to know if anyone would recognize Tan without his hat. I don't know if he would even be able to find himself in the mirror if he took off his hat! David Gibbons complains that the fishbowl helmets on the Tsunami's spacesuits do not make good engineering sense. True enough, David, but sometimes when the technology is advanced enough, fashions and trends come along which seem to contradict common sense. Madoc Pope wrote to comment on the background debris on page 16 of issue #11. Specifically, Madoc spotted a B-52 bomber, the spaceship Discovery from "2001," the Fireball XL-5, possibly the Yargo from "Space Cruiser Yamato," and one of the Earth environment pods from "Silent Running." Rob Caswell also noticed the Fireball XL-5 and the Discovery, and wrote in to tell us about them, and to comment on the last couple of issues. Julie Brodeur speculates that most weasels prefer the classic crunch of "crunchy" Cheezies over the melt-in-your-mouth vanishing act of "puffy" Cheezies. Sharni Cannon wants to see another cover by Ken Macklin. (For those of you who were curious, the cover to issue #11 was painted by Lela, as was the cover to #12.) Philip Smith noted in the debris in issue #11 references to Erma Felna, "Star Trek," "Alien" and "2001." He also offered this comment on the issue of sexism in psi-space: "While it may apply to Indio, it does not apply to Alshain, because she usually doesn't wear any clothes. To borrow a joke from Walt Kelly, she wouldn't do well in a game of strip poker because all she has to strip is her skin."

Coming Next Issue:

As issue #14 of FUSION opens, Haven lies in a coma, her fate in the mechanical hands of the medical unit which cradles her unconscious form. Indio is maintaining a vigil at Haven's side, waiting for some sign of improvement, some sign that Haven will snap out of the coma and recover.

As Indio waits, she thinks back over the years, remembering their first encounter during the Gene/Tech Wars. It wasn't a case of instant friendship—Indio's clan served the Biogenic empire, while Haven fought for the Technic forces. Indio and Haven found themselves forced together out of the necessity for personal survival.

"The Nestling," a two-part story, is written by Christy Marx; art will be by Larry Dixon, Lela Dowling and Steve Gallacci. In addition, FUSION #14 will have a story by Steve and Lela which will uncover some of the crew's history!

And of course, those wacky, wonderful weasels will return in another dose of unintentional law and order, wreaking havoc on the do-badders of the galaxy! "The Weasel Patrol" is by Lela Dowling and Ken Macklin. Accept no substitutes—"The Weasel Patrol" is available only in the pages of FUSION!

All of this, plus another first-rate painted cover by Lela Dowling, will be in FUSION #14, in your stores in March 1989! Don't you dare miss it!

That's it for this issue, I'm pooped. See you all in two months! Gordon Garb, Production Mangler





"Planet of the Didactic Fascist Dwarf Rhinos" by Joe Pearson and Dave Simons

Have You Ever Wanted to DO SOMETHING About Fixing the Ozone Layer, Stopping Pollution, and Cleaning Up Toxic Waste— But Didn't Know Where to Start?

Well, Here's a BEGINNING!

You've probably seen television news shows or heard reports on the radio that massive pollution is causing increased environmental problems, the worst of which is the "hole" in the atmosphere's ozone layer. Some gloomy environmental scientists even predict that Earth's atmosphere has been so compromised that we have created an irreversible "greenhouse effect," which will lead to the flooding of coastal cities while inland areas become virtual deserts. Meanwhile, we're being told that repeated safety violations at U.S. nuclear weapons plants have been contaminating workers and local residents for years, that agricultural workers are being poisoned by pesticides, that the world's rain forests are being felled so fast the entire planet will soon be running an "oxygen deficit," and that the cost of cleaning up our nation's worst toxic waste dumps will run into the multi-billions of dollars.

These are frightening stories, and you might feel helpless to prevent or reverse the destruction you are being told about almost daily. Even if you feel strong enough or have time enough to devote to solving the problems, your options are limited. You aren't a super-hero—you won't be able to go to the Amazon and single-handedly stop loggers from destroying rain forests.

What should you do? Should you join a "save the whales" campaign, boycott pesticide-laden table grapes, or write a letter to the President? What good can one person do, anyway? Maybe it would be easier to turn off those news shows and buy another comic book, so you can see a real hero beat the crap out of those evil aliens from outer space.

WE THINK YOU CAN DO SOMETHING. IT WON'T BE BIG, BUT IT WILL BE EASY! You won't have to give up any time, march around with a picket sign, boycott anything you don't want to boycott, or even stop reading comics to do it!

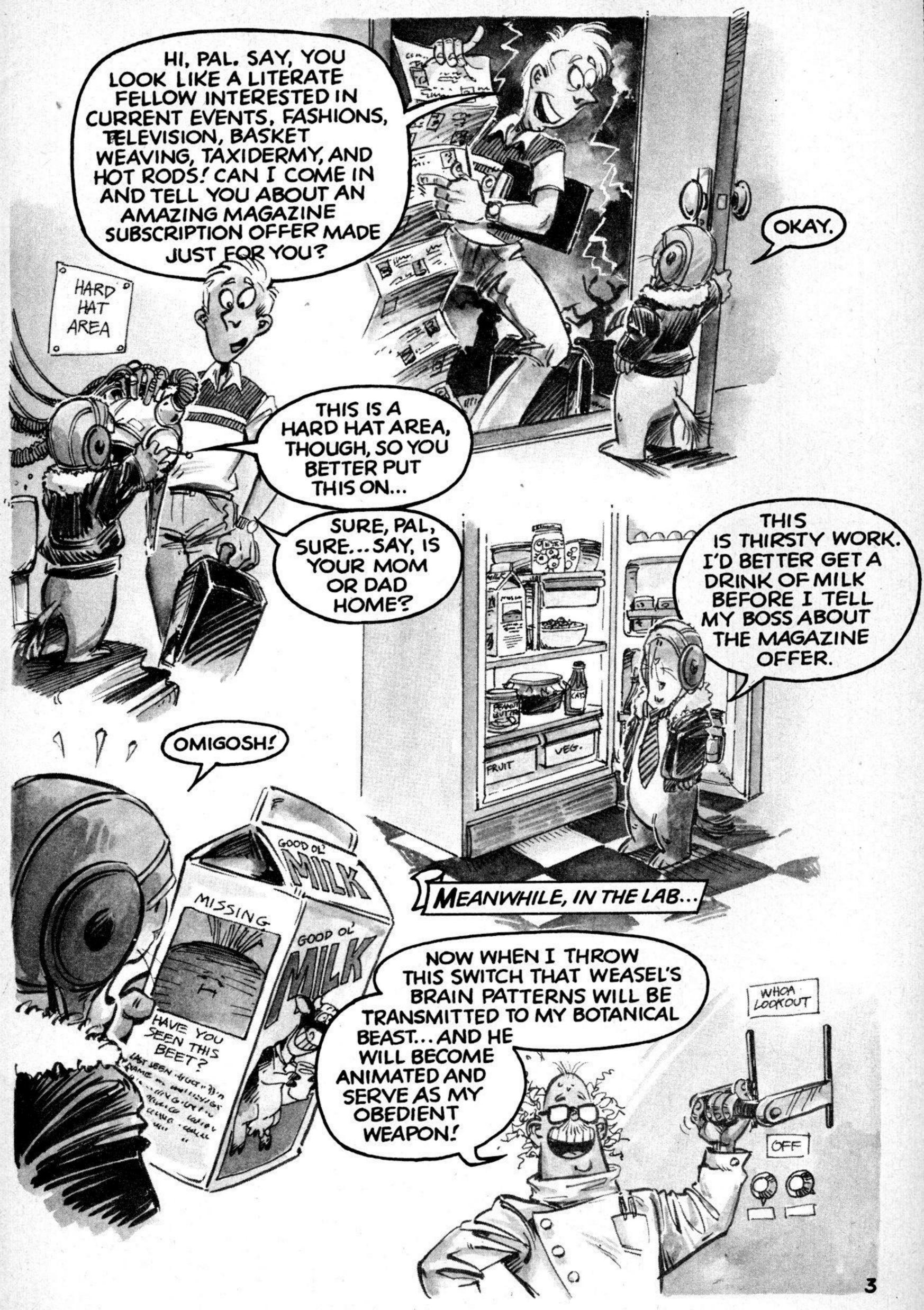
This little plan will NOT save the world (or even the whales) but it WILL stop a growing area of toxic pollution, that caused by landfills full of **STYROFOAM FAST FOOD CONTAINERS.** Sure, styrofoam fast food containers are a tiny part of the really long list of toxic pollution problems facing the world, but they are POISONOUS and their proliferation CAN be stopped by local initiative and by awakening public opinion.

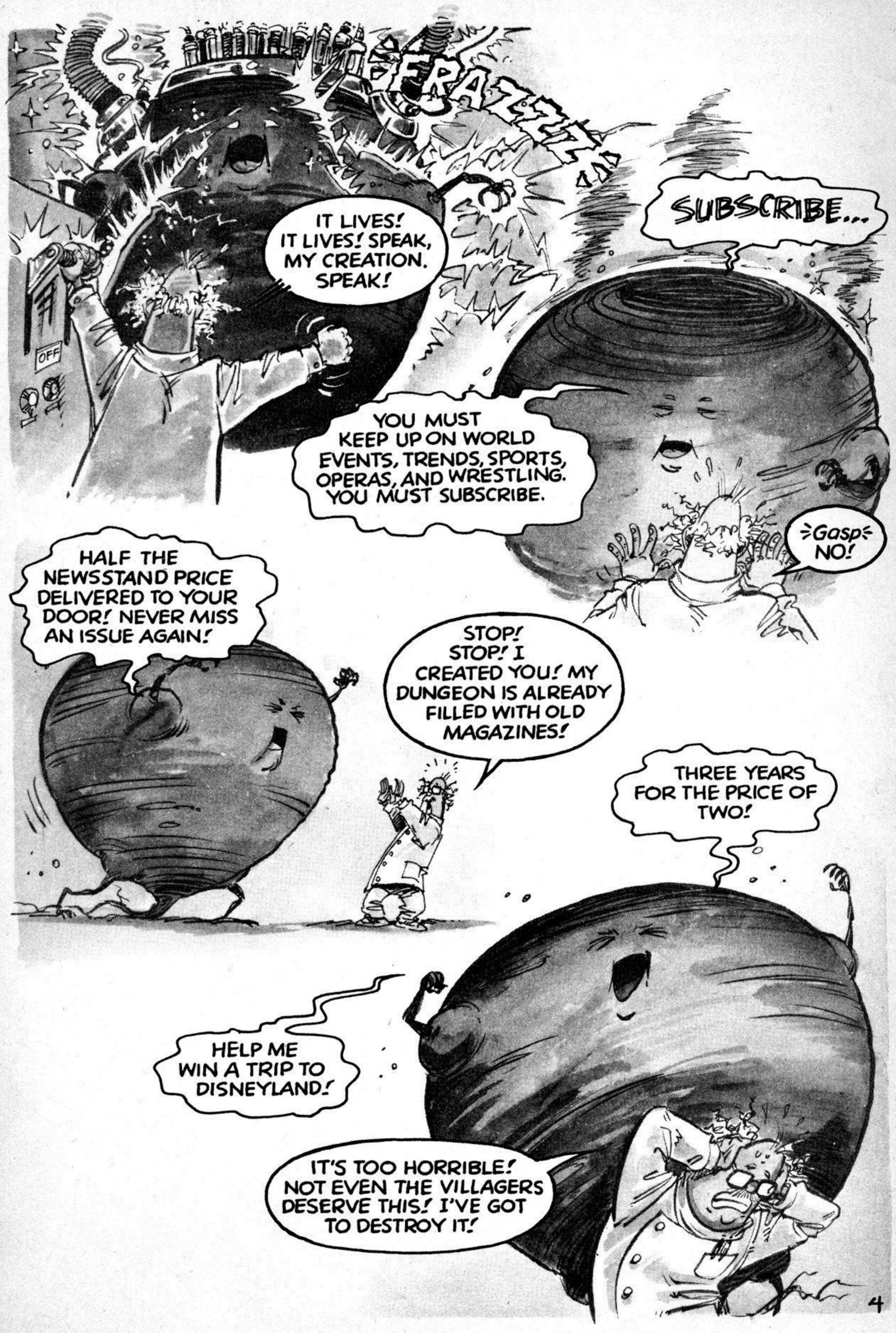
Here's what you do: PHOTOCOPY this page a bunch of times (don't cut up your comic book) and clip out the coupon at the bottom. Every time you buy something at a fast food restaurant, check off the appropriate box and hand the coupon to the clerk, asking that it be passed along to the manager. That's all! It's simple, it's easy, and you will have done your part to help heal the Earth! (Yes, a small part, but what the heck, you're not a super-hero—yet!)

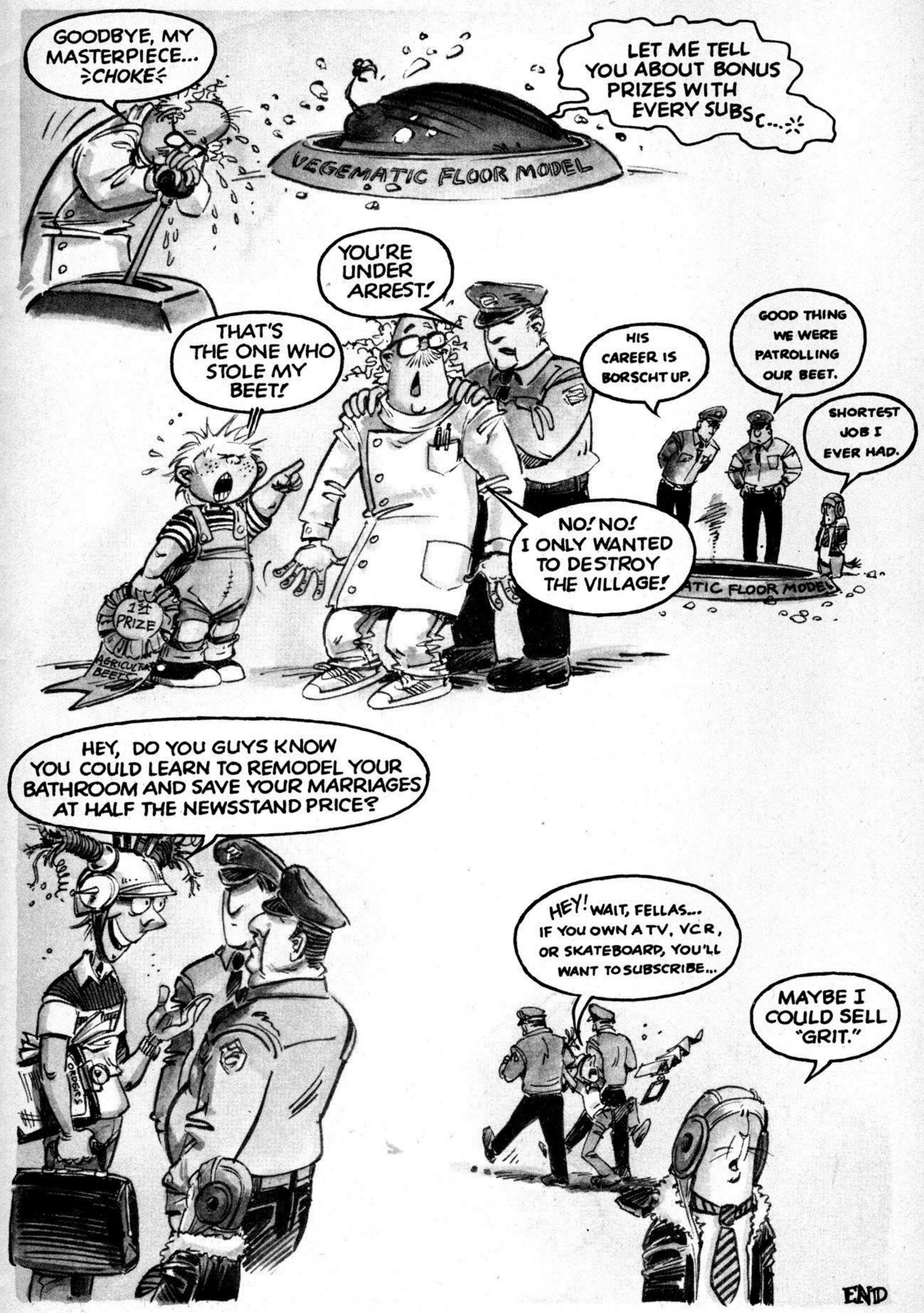
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O YOUR FOOD IS DELICIOUS, BUT I WILL NO LONGER BE BUYING IT UNTIL YOU STOP USING TOXIC, NON-RECYCLABLE STYROFOAM CONTAINERS.





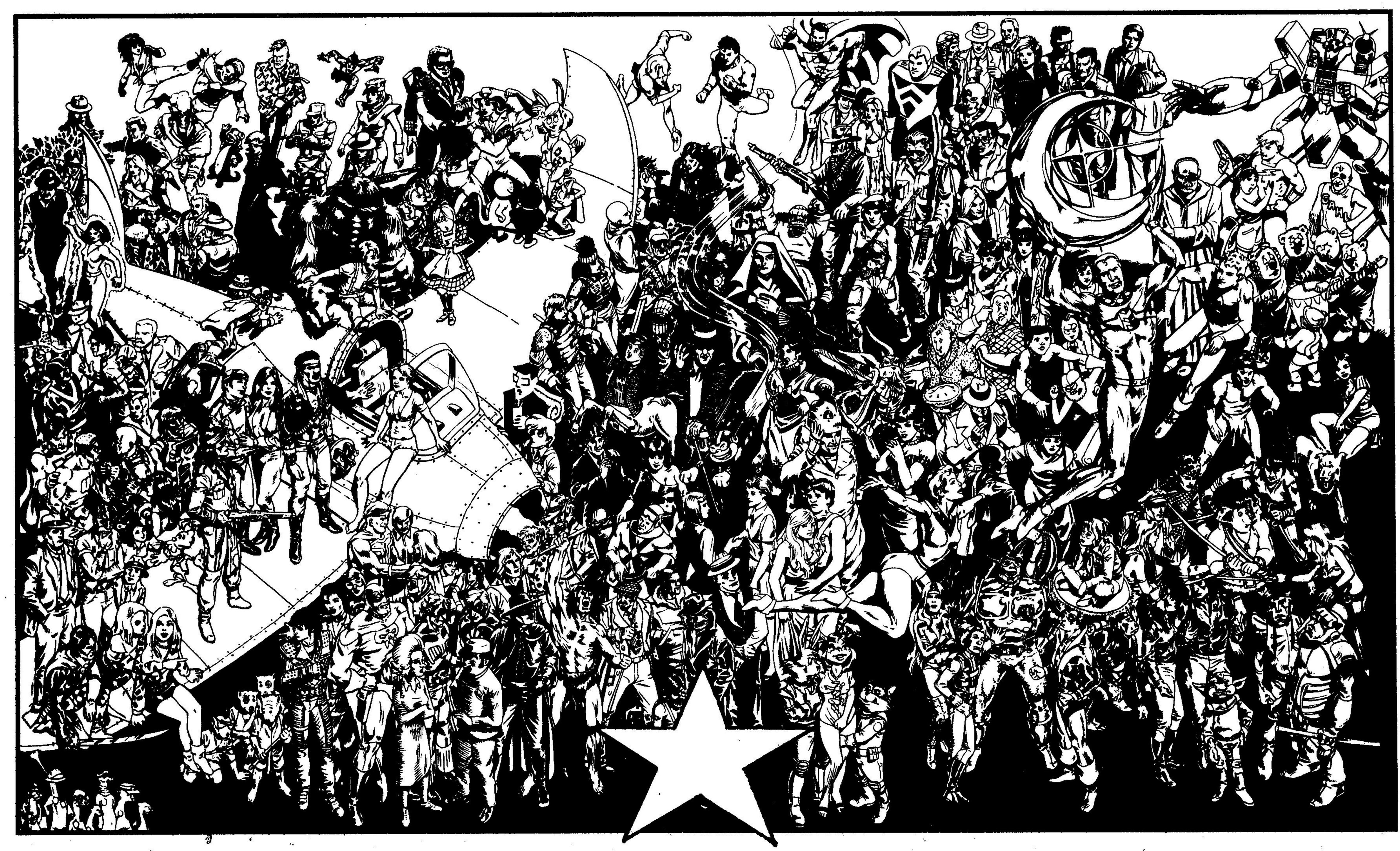






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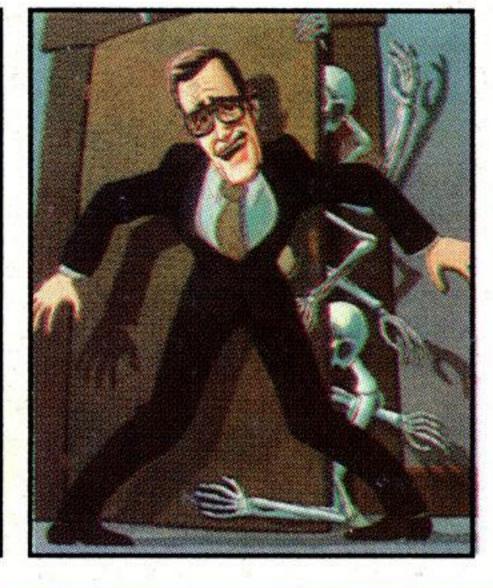
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